(which would haue made Dom Hercules horne mad,
and hid him in his hide) suffer this Sicely
ere she hade warm'd my shetes, ere grappell'd with me,
this pinck, this painted foyst, this cockle boate
to hang her flights out, and defie mo friends,
a well knowne man of warre? if this be equall,
and I may suffer, say, &c I haue done.

Petro. I doe not thinke you may.

Tra. You'le make it worse Sir.

Sopho. Pray heare me good Petrachio, but euen now
you were contented to giue all conditions
to try how far she would carry; 'tis a folly
(and you will find it so) to clap the curb on
ere, ye be sure, it proues a naturall wildnes
and not a fore'd, giue her conditions,
for on my life, this trick is put into her;

Pebro. I should beleeue so to;

Sop. & not her owne.

Tra. You'le find it soe.

Sop. Then if she founder with you
clap spurres on; and in this you'le deale with temperance,
auoid the hurrie of the world. —

Musique above.

Tranio & loose

Mor No honor a my life Sir.

Petru. I will doe it.

Petro. It seemes they are very merie. —

Enter Jaques.

Petru. Why long hold it.

Moro. Now Jaques

Jaq. They are i'th flaunt, Sir.

Sopho. Yes we heare em.

Jaq. They haue gott a stick of fidles, and they firke it

in

in wondrous ways, tho two grand Capitanoes
(that brought the auxiliary regiments)
dance with their coates tuckt vp to their bare breech:s,
and bid the Kingdome kisse 'em; that's the burden,
they haue got Metheglin and audacious ale
and talke like Tyrants —

Petro. How knowest thou?

Jaq. I peept in at a loose lanskett.

Tra. Harke.

Petro. A song, pray you silence. —

Enter about Maria Bianca, a Citty wife, a Country wife, and 3 Women.

Moro. They looke out

Petru. Good eu'n Ladys.

Mari good you good eu'n, Sir.

Petru. How haue you slept to night?

Mari. Exceeding well Sir.

Petru. Did you not wish me with you?

Mari. No beleeue me I neuer thought vpon you.

Country. Is that he?

Bian. Yes.

Country. Sir.

Soph. She has drunck hard, marke her hood.

Country. You are.

Sopho. Learned drunecke, I'le hang els, lett her vtter,

Country. And I must tell you vna voce freind,
a very foolish fellow.

Fran. There's an ale figure

Petru. I thanke you Susan Brotes

Citty. forward Sister

Country You haue espoused here a hearty woman, Comly and couragious,

Petru. Well I haue so.

Country & to the comfort of distressed damzells

Women